

Radio-Graphs

Wireless Man, Stranded in Desert, Saves Family

Puts Phone Set to Novel Usage, Amateur Relates

BY PAUL F. GODLEY

America's Foremost Radio Authority

Have you ever been stranded in a broken-down auto many miles from a house or telephone? A radio amateur once found himself in this predicament—

with a snapped rear axle in an Arizona desert some 40 miles from the nearest phone, with no possibility of meeting any passerby for 16 hours!

There was nothing to eat and no water to drink. The sun had gone down, the coyotes were beginning to cry in the hills. The only signs of civilization were a few telephone wires supported on steel poles, as they took a short cut over the hills and valleys, and a lonely tin shack left some years before by government surveyors.

A Way Out

The problem was how to so alter the circumstances with the resources available as to make it possible to get to a hotel where food, shelter and rest awaited. Thoughts of spending the night on the desert without nourishment and with no sleeping equipment were not lightly put aside. There was a baby in the party.

To this amateur, the telephone line suggested possibilities. It meant a telephone connection, providing the proper apparatus were available.

On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

Continued From Our Last Issue

CHAPTER IX

THE DIRECTION FINDER

"Curly—you were up to something devilish—I knew it!" repeated Vario as he faced Jack over the table at the Binnacle. "When you saw me drive up here you suddenly changed your tune. You ran to cover—to cover yourself!"

The waiter, Herman, sniveled. His face was livid. He bowed and almost fainted on Vario's look of him, for all the world like a drowning man catching at a straw.

"Furthermore, I believe you slipped that vital in this man's pocket—perhaps you palmed it—did a little sleight of hand. You inhuman cad! I could cane you!"

Ruth was speechless. She leaned over the table, half standing, an alluring little figure in blue. Her excitement had sent a blaze of color to her cheeks. Her golden hair framed her face in a mass of gold that shed a brightness over her whole countenance.

Ruth was a very desirable little girl and her chief charm was that she did not seem to be thinking of it all the time.

Jack had been working himself into an almost apoplectic rage as Vario hurled the accusation at him. He took a step forward in furious defense, then shot out his forefinger pointing at the teacup that had been before him.

"Would I—poison—myself!" he menaced.

"We'll settle that," came back Vario sharply. "I'll undertake to label this all and seal it—in the presence of you as witness. Then I'll send it to some reputable chemical laboratory for analysis. I could do it myself—but—well, in other words, we'll impound this evidence until someone else determines what it is."

The waiter scurried about getting flasks. Vario turned to Ruth with excessive courtesy. "Miss Walden—I must insist—for your own safety—I'll drive you back to the Club. I'll telephone and postpone the appointment I had at the Seville Station. No... It can easily go over till tomorrow. Your mother cannot stand much more. She needs you."

Ruth looked from Vario at Jack, still sputtering impotently. Was it true? The quickest way to get out of danger is often the most obvious. "Thank you, Professor. It's very kind of you to take such an interest."

They left Curtis standing, still boiling with rage, beside his motor. As Vario's car disappeared, Jack sprang into his own and shot down the South Shore road toward a short cut to the cross island highway.

Nita Walden's surprise was great when she saw Vario with Ruth. "Where's Jack Curtis?" she exclaimed.

The moment of silence that followed was eloquent. "Oh, Ruth, dear, any more trouble?"

Ruth was out of the car, eager to give her mother more confidence. "No, Mummy, nothing much... Jack was a little off in the head... but Professor Vario came along... and..."

Mrs. Walden beamed her appreciation of Vario's help. Vario exchanged a keen glance with Ruth and understood that she chose to wait until there were more facts before she made an open accusation. He nodded and acquiesced.

"You'll let me know—the result?" Ruth asked.

Vario promised and with a forced light-hearted remark Ruth turned and ran up the stairs to her room to dress for dinner.

Meanwhile, on the opposite porch of the Club which was otherwise deserted, Vario, only a few moments before, had tucked her arm nervously under Garriek's and drawn him into the privacy of the glassed-in, winter solarium.

"You may come, too, Dick," she nodded back to him. "There—please shut the door." She glanced at Gar-

The only other thing to be seen which was not scenery was the tin shack.

A mountainide was climbed, and the shack entered. Good fortune had left an antiquated type of telephone within the shack. Years of disuse had rotted the cords. The batteries were worthless. The ringing device would not operate.

But the magnetic telephone receiver was still intact and in good condition. It was taken out and examined, carried aloft on the telephone pole, and connected across a likely looking pair of wires.

A few seconds later a beautiful voice said, "Hello, Phoenix." No opportunity was given for further conversation here. This amateur immediately interrupted, explaining rapidly to the Phoenix operator who he was and the nature of his predicament.

Rescued

She was interested and agreed to arrange to send garage men with spare parts and food, and she kept her promise. Three and a half hours later, these men put in their appearance, and by half past 2 in the morning, the 60 miles between the lonely desert location and Phoenix had been covered, and the entire party was deep in slumber.

The stage drivers between Globe and Phoenix today carry magnetic telephone receivers for just such emergencies. They got their idea from a radio amateur.

Many times circumstances will warrant the use of telephone lines in this way, and the radio magnetic telephone will turn the trick.

RADIO PRIMER

RHEOSTAT—A coil of wire offering a variable resistance to a source of current so as to allow a limited supply for the service required. An "electric valve."

Maybe. But can you prove it? And if you can, that's a long way from connecting her with the hold-up."

"That devil, Jack Curtis!" ground out Dick. "They're two of a kind, I'll bet if we could raid his room at the hotel, we'd get something—maybe a picture of Rae—with the hat. I think that was his camera after all that you pinched."

Garriek swung on his heel. "Curtis. Just what I was thinking. Let's jump over there—get him right, quick."

At the hotel they learned that Curtis had cleaned out everything that forsook him, had checked out, and had disappeared.

Over the telephone Garriek called the Page place. Beth was not at home but her mother, with considerable relief, replied: "Miss Larue? Miss Larue left rather hurriedly for the city this afternoon. I believe she expects her mother from the coast."

"Mrs. Walden said that Curtis had started down the South Shore road when Vario left. Ruth looked back and saw him."

Garriek was climbing in under the wheel when a blue streak shot along Main Street regardless of local law. He jabbed at his screecher of a horn.

"It's Glenn." He waved and signaled. Glenn bore over to the curb a couple of hundred yards ahead.

"Jump in, Dick."

"Where's the fire?" joked Garriek. "Just going up to see Vario—with Ruth."

"Say, Glenn—confidentially—there's no use keeping this under cover. I heard you say, in the Pink Room, you'd taken that Parr stuff to your own garage to protect Vario. Are you the only one that has a key to that place? Now, play straight, Glenn. This is for your own good. Did I ever do you a dirty trick—or Dick? What do people at the Club think of me? Do they trust me?"

Glenn threw away an almost fresh cigarette, lighted another, threw it away and stood foolishly with the burnt match in his hand. "That's the way, I am, Guy," he scowled. "As nervous as hell. Half the time I don't know what I'm doing. Say... you'll be on the level, Guy. It's a cinch no one else will. I might as well make a clean breast of it... no, just give me tonight to think it

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Expert Is After Statistic 'Bugaboo' For Better Radio



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Dick's alert eyes, as they were waiting, discovered a wireless set on a worktable in the rear. Out of the back window he could see the antenna from the garage to the house. Mechanically he started tuning up. The agency men were a long time in coming.

"Holy judas priest!" Dick was so startled he was pale. "Someone's broadcasting what they call news. It... it can't be. It must be some crazy amateur. Ruth Walden, the heiress, has eloped with John Curtis!"

Garriek seized the phones. "Amateur—perhaps; crazy, no!" Garriek listened and continued. "Did you ever stop to consider the radio as a means for slander? Talk about your poison pen writers! Science has put into the hands of blackmailers the most dangerous of weapons. Your

story is spread to a million fans. And there's not a chance of tracing it to your slanderer!"

"There isn't? The devil there isn't. I can. I will!" exclaimed Dick. "If he keeps it up."

Everything he needed seemed there on the workbench. It was comparatively simple, a "loop" as it is known, copper wire wound eight times around a frame four feet square. He hung it from the ceiling, free. He connected up the receiving set. Then he began turning the loop slowly.

"A directional receiver," explained Dick. "It must be oriented toward the hidden sender. Really it's a radio compass."

By the time the Astra men arrived Dick had it pointed. Every few minutes a new message came. They left the men in charge and climbed in the car. The direction had been east by a little south.

Across the bridge Dick set up his sinder again. This time it was east by a little north. Over well known roads they scurried, now and then, every few miles setting up the sinder and modifying their course. Who was the hidden and persistent slanderer?

"Looks as if it might be down Duck Harbor way!" exclaimed Dick finally, as he turned.

Garriek took it as a matter of course. It was merely confirming his rapid deductions.

At Duck Harbor, abruptly, the direction of the messages changed to the northeast sharply.

"I believe you traced out the sender," cried Garriek, as they looked out over the empty harbor. "But we're too late. The 'Sea Vamp' has gone! The birds are flown!"

From a cottage down the beach Garriek called Nita Walden, at the Nonpareil Club.

"Where is Ruth?" he asked quickly.

"She went out with Glenn and Vario. She left a note for you, Guy, marked 'Mr. Garriek, Personal.' Hello? Wait, I'll open it then. Here. You told me never to do anything again without letting you know. I've gone to the 'Sea Vamp' to destroy the engine so they can't move it away until tomorrow. 'Ruth!'"

"But the 'Sea Vamp' has gone!"

Nita Walden screamed her intuition.

"Ruth has been carried off on the 'Sea Vamp!'"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

How cunningly nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew.

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